
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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CATHARINE PARR,
LAST WIFE OF HENRY VIII.

IT is but seldom that we present to our readers the portraits of those beauties, who were the ornaments of ages long gone by: led on, however, during the present crisis, to the contemplation of the character of Henry VIII. we find much coincidence in the fate of the original of our present memoir and that of her present Majesty, Queen Caroline; and we compare the latter with much greater show of truth to Catharine Parr, than to the injured, though bigotted Catharine of Arragon, or the volatile and youthful, yet ambitious, Anne Boleyn.

It seems certainly a contradictory assertion, that though there were qualifications in the character of Catharine Parr and that of our gracious Queen, that had a resemblance to each other, there were nevertheless some which might place these two sharers of the regal dignity in direct opposition to each other: we will, however, first proceed to give a brief biography of the last interesting Queen Consort of Henry VIII. and afterwards state what particularly struck us in the similarity of disposition and fate of these two illustrious women.

Catharine Parr was born at the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII. and by her marriage with him in July, 1543, she succeeded to his unfortunate Queens, and shared

with him, as Queen Consort, the throne of England. She was the eldest daughter to Sir Thomas Parr, of Kendal, by Maud, his wife; and the young Catharine early evincing great talents for learning, her father bestowed on her an education far superior to that of females in general at that era. She made considerable progress in literature, and amply rewarded, by her attainments in every branch of education, the care of her good and pious father. Her first husband was Nevill, Lord Latimer, to whom she was married at a very early age; and was left, at his decease, in the full prime of life and meridian of beauty. Her very superior attractions of persons and manners drew the attention and admiration of the king, who soon after her introduction at his court, which was in the first year of her widowhood, married her at Hampton Court, on the 12th of July, 1543.

Henry was an accomplished, and not an unlearned prince; yet with the despotic disposition he possessed, he was, no doubt, like many other men of talent and learning, fearful of being eclipsed by a female's superior abilities; and, therefore, affected to be blind to the mental endowments of an accomplished woman. We have witnessed something not dissimilar to this, in our own remembrance.

Catharine Parr was a Protestant from reason and conviction: the King was fond of reasoning on school divinity, and he rather chose to argue with his Queen on those points than to be deprived of arguing at all; for the sycophants about his court never contradicted him; the King therefore, had no one to convince, where the constant reply was—"Your Highness must be in the right." The charms of Catharine's conversation made him an admirer of the pretty manner in which she maintained her own opinion, and he had, at the same time, the pleasure of enforcing his own by argument, and the hopes of rendering her a convert to it.

Jealous of her influence over their royal master, two formidable enemies now set themselves in array against this virtuous Queen; Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and the Chancellor Wriothesley, who, with other conspirators, united against her, and prevailed on the King to sign a warrant with his own hand to commit Her Majesty to the Tower. The instrument of treachery thus sanctioned by despotism, was accidentally, and most fortunately dropped, and afterwards

found by a person, who carried it to the Queen. The sight of this paper, and the reflections that crowded on the mind of Catharine at the sad fate of some of her predecessors, threw her into a violent fit of illness, which confined her to her bed. The King, who really loved her better than any one of his former wives, hastened to her, and spoke to her those words of kindness, which to an affectionate wife from a husband, are

“Are of more avail than ten physicians.”

The agitations of Henry's mind at that time caused him also to undergo a slight indisposition, which confined him for a short time to his own apartment; and, on the Queen's recovery, as he had not yet quitted his palace for any of his customary excursions, Catharine was advised by Dr. Wendy, the physician who had attended her, to pay the King a visit. Her own good sense and prudence taught her the line of conduct she ought to pursue. The King was pleased with her attention, and again began to speak, though but slightly, of their difference of opinion in theological matters: the Queen perceiving his drift, besought him to pardon a silly woman, who, more to divert His Highness than from any other motive, had presumed to oppose her ideas to his, on the most important of all subjects; she well-knew, she added, the great endowments and wisdom of His Highness, and begged he would be pleased to give her that instruction she stood in need of. “Not so, by St. Mary, Kate,” said Henry; “you are become a doctor, and would fain instruct *us*.” The Queen then again repeated, that she had only presumed to argue with him to gain instruction and improvement. “Is it really so, sweetheart?” said the king, “then kiss me, Kate; we are now friends again.” The Queen then changed the conversation to subjects of wit and sprightliness, and took her leave, with the satisfaction of seeing that the King was highly pleased with her.

The day, the hour, was appointed when this injured Queen was to be conveyed to the Tower. Henry was walking in his garden, and sent for Catharine to come and bear him company; His Majesty was in high spirits, and he entertained the Queen and her ladies with all that gaiety and ease with which he so well knew how to embellish his con-

versation. The Lord Chancellor approached soon after with a body of the King's Guards, and, falling on his knee, he whispered to the King; on which Henry called him, *knave*, *beast*, and *arrant fool*: the Queen used all her powers of persuasion to appease her husband's anger; who, turning to her, said, "Ah! poor little fool; thou little knowest how ill he has deserved this grace at thy hands. On my word, sweetheart, he has been to thee an *arrant knave*; so let him go." To this the magnanimous Catharine returned an answer such as might be expected from her charitable disposition.

This was, however, a dreadful alarm to the illustrious lady, and awakened her to a sense of the continual danger to which she might be exposed from the machinations of secret enemies. She, therefore, employed her thoughts in meditation and in preparation for that eternity, for which, perhaps, she might prematurely exchange the short period of fleeting time.

To sum up the character of this exemplary female, it is requisite to remark, that she had a considerable share of learning united to an understanding of no common kind: her religious doubts she took care to have solved by the most pious and well-informed divines, and by their convincing arguments and instructions she regulated her religion.

King Henry died on the 28th of January, 1546: Catharine Parr had been married to him three years, six months, and a few days; and not long after his demise, she gave her hand to Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admiral of England, with whom she lived but a very short time, and that very unhappily, owing to the pride and imperiousness of her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Somerset; and also to her husband's own ambition, who, lifted up by having wedded the Queen Dowager, now aspired to the hand of the Lady Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of England. Catharine Parr died in giving birth to a daughter, in the month of September, 1548.

Lovely in person, and gifted with rare mental endowments, we find a striking parallel with this Queen and Caroline of Brunswick, Queen of England; both wedded to princes of personal beauty and accomplished minds, but both given to voluptuousness; and who had roved from fair to fair,

unlicenced; among beauties possessed of every grace and varied attractions, and of every age: both Queens gifted with a high degree of fortitude; and whatever humility there may appear in the conduct of Catharine Parr, it was only prudential caution. Let us recollect, that she was the wife of a *despotic* King; no glorious constitution then guarded the people, like an impenetrable shield, nor drew its gentle but adamant chain round the monarch, to render him amenable, with the meanest subject, to the laws; no generous people, in the reign of Henry VIII. durst step forward to express their sentiments, or to endeavour to support the victim of oppression. Otherwise, a woman possessed of a mind like Catharine Parr's, would have, no doubt, evinced a Brunswick-like spirit and heroism.

But in the following instance we discover a marked similarity in the fate of these exalted women: both had enemies about the Court who were desirous of injuring them in the eyes of their husbands.

If the faithful adherents to Queen Caroline did not pick up a warrant for her imprisonment, they have yet discovered plots which proved a conspiracy, which, if not against her life, was against what is dearer—her honour and reputation.

Caroline, like Catharine, is pious: she seeks not revenge; and it was her first act, after her acquittal, to prostrate herself in fervent gratitude in the village temple dedicated solely to prayer, and to partake there the great Christian sacrifice. She next went to offer her thanksgiving publicly in the metropolitan church of St. Paul's: and though the comparison between these admirable women fails after the second marriage of Catharine Parr, yet we may say, that both alike were the mothers of one daughter, for whom they felt all the pangs and anxieties without the charms of maternity.

REMORSE;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 324, Vol. XII.)

LADY DE CLIFFORD soon forgot this temporary humiliation. Infatuated by the ardour of Sir Arthur's attachment, and persuading herself that she was all the world to him, as he still was to her, she cared little for the notice of others; but she had greatly mistaken his character: proud, aspiring, accustomed to the homage of his inferiors, the admiration and applause of his equals, and the regard of his superiors in rank, he was little calculated for a life of retirement, which can only be rendered agreeable by domestic enjoyment. The superficial education of Emmeline left her destitute of resources, which, in a life of seclusion, are so absolutely necessary. Her beauty, her sweetness, her playful vivacity, had served to render her fascinating under happier circumstances; but when De Clifford found himself wholly dependant upon her for whatever amusement his leisure hours required, there was a deficiency which he could scarcely account for, a monotony which wearied him, and an insipidity which he would willingly have exchanged for those occupations in which he could no longer beguile his idle hours; for he felt that it would be ungrateful to desert her who had sacrificed all for him, and every hour of his absence was by Emmeline felt and deplored as desertion. He was also wounded in the tenderest point by finding, that although his society was generally courted by the neighbouring gentry, Lady De Clifford was almost wholly overlooked, and various flimsy excuses made for not including her in the invitation he received, and which he in consequence declined. "Curse on their prudery and fastidiousness!" he would exclaim; "she is my wife; what more would they have?" but sober, unprejudiced reflection convinced him that *something more* was necessary for the respectable part of society. He felt also, most painfully felt, that it was a duty he owed to his family, his friends, and even to his tenants, to introduce to them a wife, whose conduct was without blemish, whom they

might regard with equal admiration and respect; it was true, that Emmeline had erred only in one instance, that it was an error of the heart, that she was not habitually depraved; but of these particulars the world knew nothing; one false step had fixed a stain on her character, never to be removed. The too frequent indulgence of these thoughts, cast a gloom on the spirits, and created an irritability in the temper of Sir Arthur, which could not be long concealed from the sensitive Emmeline; she felt that she was no longer the idolized object to whom every thought, every wish was exclusively devoted; she trembled at the idea, while she was yet too artless to manage with dexterity the arduous task of reclaiming a truant heart, an art which more meretricious females have been known to possess. She had nevertheless sense enough to perceive that the want of variety was a principal source of ennui, and she in consequence urged him so warmly to go more abroad, that he yielded to her persuasions, and knew not that he inflicted pain by so doing.

It happened one evening, when De Clifford had accepted an invitation to a public dinner, that Emmeline, not knowing how to beguile the tedious hours, sought her own apartment, and began rumaging the drawers of a little cabinet, which she had not opened since she had been in the country, and of which she had almost forgotten the contents. These were, for the most part, little presents which she had received at various times as keepsakes from her friends, with shells, beads, and pretty baubles, hoarded purposely for her little girl. The recollection filled her heart with sadness. Her Emily must now be nearly four years of age; an age of prattle and endearment, yet those endearments were now lavished upon strangers, while her mother was far distant, unknown, unthought of, or probably, if mentioned at all in her hearing, but as one who had voluntarily abandoned her, and who was unworthy of her remembrance. As these thoughts swelled her bosom almost to bursting, her eye rested on a small morocco case, which she knew contained the portrait of Devereux; with a trembling hand she unclosed it, and gazed on the well-remembered features. The expressive, manly countenance wore, to her perturbed imagination, an air of sadness and

reproach; she clasped her hands together, and the tears fell fast from her eyes, as she involuntarily ejaculated, "Most injured, best of men! will you not forgive me?" "Emmeline!" cried a voice which, for an instant, overpowered her with terror, when, turning, she beheld Sir Arthur leaning over her shoulder, with a countenance as agitated as her own; she shrieked aloud, and sunk back, covering her face with her hands. "What means all this?" he demanded sternly; "is it thus my Emmeline passes her hours of retirement? Is it Devereux who occupies her thoughts?" Lady De Clifford perceived by his flushed cheek and kindled eye that he was angry, nay more, that he was elevated with wine, and she knew not how to deprecate his resentment. "It was accidental, I assure you, Arthur," said she, attempting to take his hand; "the unexpected sight of those features for a moment overpowered me; all my guilt rushed upon my mind, and——" "Say no more," cried De Clifford, petulantly interrupting her; "such were not always your thoughts; but I see how it is, you regret having left him. Fool that I was, I might have guessed it would be so! you are not the only one, Lady De Clifford, who has cause for regret"—and he paced the room with impatient strides. "You wrong me, Sir Arthur," cried Emmeline, in an agony of tears; "have I deserved this? Oh! yes, I do, and ten times more, but not from you." The air of fixed wretchedness and despondence with which she uttered this, her pallid cheeks, and quivering lip, moved Sir Arthur; he flung his arms round her, and implored her forgiveness; then hurling the portrait to the further end of the room, he desired her to banish all thoughts of what had passed from her mind as she valued his love, or her own future peace.

(To be continued.)

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BENEDICT;**A TALE FOR MARRIED MEN.***(Concluded from page 316, Vol. XII.)*

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CHAP V.

I WOULD willingly hurry over the period of remorse and self-accusation. Finding that through the unprincipled conduct of Elderton, there could be no hope of a favourable accommodation, I abandoned all to my creditors, and removed my wife to an obscure lodging in Chelsea, where her spirits received a still more severe shock, by the death of our infant son. Miss Dalton, the constant friend of my Letitia, abandoned us not in our misfortunes; and to her kind and considerate attentions we were indebted for many comforts which it would have been totally out of my power to procure. Rigidly austere as I knew Mr. Singleton to be, I could scarcely expect any farther assistance from him; several of my letters still remained unanswered, and upon making more particular enquiries, I found he had been dead above two months, having bequeathed me the sum of five thousand pounds, which was now become the property of my creditors. Unfortunate as this circumstance was, I still felt some degree of satisfaction in the conviction that he was ignorant of my misconduct, and my chief anxiety was, that Letitia should also be spared the anguish of knowing the full extent of my errors. On this account, however, I had less occasion to felicitate myself, since Elderton, with the malice of a fiend, had disclosed the whole to her, and availed himself of the opportunity to make the most base and dishonorable proposals. Letitia heard him with an equal mixture of grief and indignation, spurned the wretch from her with contempt, and buried the fatal secret in her own bosom. Not a word of reproach escaped her lips to me on the subject, but her sufferings were too acute for her feeble frame to support; and when cured of my folly, disgusted by the vile object for whom I had neglected a faithful and affec-

tionate wife, I would have made full restitution, by devoting myself exclusively to her, I found her sinking into a rapid decline, the victim of unmerited sufferings and cruel injustice.

From Emily I first learnt the distressing secret. "Cyril," said she, with an energy of tone which I shall never forget, "you have trifled away your own happiness. I know your disposition too well to believe that you were deliberately criminal, but that culpable vanity, which was your predominant foible in early youth, has ultimately contributed to your ruin. What is man without stability of character? or what dependence can be placed on one who has not strength of mind to stand against the laugh of the idle and dissolute?"

"You are right," said I, "but do not condemn me without a fair hearing; I was not caught in the snares of the vicious with my eyes open; I was deluded by appearances, and knew nothing of the deceit which women can practise."

"Your defence is but a poor one," returned Emily, "for although you might not be fully aware of the character of your associates, you could scarcely believe a woman virtuous in her principles, or correct in her conduct, who could make advances to a married man. Believe me, I soon saw enough to convince me that you were equally the dupe of their artifices, and your own credulity."

I was convinced of the justice of her remark; but what avails conviction when the power of reparation is denied! All that now remained for me was to sooth the last moments of my Letitia by the tenderest assiduities; and I had the consolation of receiving from her dying lips the fullest assurances of forgiveness and unabated affection. "I shall be happier if you grieve less," said she to me a few days before her dissolution; "for my own part, I feel perfectly resigned to my fate, and am willing to believe this lasting separation is for the best. A thousand doubts and fears might rack my mind, if I were to be restored; your repentance, though now sincere, might not be permanent, nor could I safely depend upon my own confidence in your future conduct, for when mistrust once enters the mind, it is scarcely possible to eradicate it entirely: under this conviction, I feel happy that all future trials of the sort will be spared me." This was a melancholy truth for which my mind was

at that time but ill prepared, but which I have since reflected upon, and cannot deny the full force of.

To my great surprise, I soon found that Wilmot, though subjected to my unjust suspicions by the base insinuations of Elderton, had acted with a degree of prudence and integrity, that had secured the confidence and good-will of almost all the creditors, several of whom now came voluntarily forward with offers of service. Thus encouraged, and warned by sad experience, I ventured to begin the world anew, and, in the course of a very few years, was fortunate enough to retrieve my character, and relieve myself from the weight of obligations which pressed heavily upon my mind. An attachment which had been gradually forming between Wilmot and my little *protegée*, Emily, now a fine grown girl of seventeen, was then disclosed to me by Miss Dalton, whose opinion being decidedly in favour of the young people's wishes, could not fail to determine mine. I even ventured, but with no small degree of timidity, to hint, that by depriving me of my young housekeeper, I might be compelled again to seek amusement abroad, and should lose my relish for domestic tranquillity, unless I could find a substitute, who could make allowances for my failings, and render my home attractive.

"I understand you," said Miss Dalton, with that frankness which ever distinguished her character; "I am too old to play the coquette, and though some degree of imprudence may be attached to me for giving my hand at thirty-eight, to a man who is seven years younger, I know not whether I should not feel justified in so doing, if I could flatter myself that I have influence enough to make him 'brave the world's dread laugh,' and consider his wife as his best companion, friend, and counsellor." "Miss Dalton," said I, seriously, "you have known me from early youth; you are aware of all my indiscretion, yet you have had candour enough to discriminate between error and vice. My remorse for past follies has, I trust, been sincere, and has convinced you that there is no chance of my again falling into the same snares, while, on my side, conviction of your superiority over most of your sex on every point which can render a woman estimable, must secure to you my constant regard, respect, and admiration. I address you not in the language

of a lover; convinced that your good sense would lead you to despise such common-place adulation; but I feel assured that happiness is within our reach, and I will dare to add, that I think our happiness depends upon each other." Miss Dalton was probably of the same opinion, for in the course of a few months, she ventured to become my wife. I shall here close my tedious, and, perhaps, uninteresting narrative, written with the well-meaning, though, perhaps, futile attempt to warn the young and inexperienced Benedict against the machinations of those, who, incapable of appreciating the felicity of a virtuous married life, endeavour to sap, by ridicule, those good principles, which they might fail to corrupt by example, or overthrow by an open declaration of their own.

DR. FOTHERGILL.

A POOR clergyman settled in London on a curacy of fifty pounds per annum, with a wife and numerous family, was known to Dr. Fothergill. An epidemic disease at that time prevalent, seized upon the curate's wife and five children. In this scene of distress, he looked to the doctor for his assistance, but dared not to apply to him, from a consciousness of not being able to pay him for his attendance. A friend, who knew his situation, kindly offered to accompany him to the doctor's house, and give him his fee. They took the advantage of his hour of audience; and, after a description of the several cases, the fee was offered, and rejected, but a notice was taken of the curate's place of residence. The doctor called assiduously the next and every succeeding day, until his attendance was no longer necessary. The curate, anxious to return some grateful mark of the sense he entertained of his services, strained every nerve to accomplish it; but his astonishment was not to be described, when, instead of receiving the money he offered, with apologies for his situation, the doctor put ten guineas into his hand, desiring him to apply without diffidence in future difficulties.

THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY;

OR,

Historical Essays

ON GREAT EVENTS RESULTING FROM MINUTE CAUSES.

(Continued from page 260, Vol. XII.)

Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, defeats Henry III. King of England, in battle, and takes him prisoner; and exercises more absolute dominion in the kingdom than monarchs themselves; but loses his life by hindering his sons from making a tournament with an English nobleman, in the year 1262.

HENRY III. King of England, was an indolent prince. He was sometimes bold in enterprise, but always languid in their execution; the least obstacle discouraged him. He gave way to the emotions of vivacity, and immediately fell again into his natural indolence, by which he abandoned all his projects. He was always surrounded by foreigners to whom he gave the principal posts in the kingdom, enriching them at the expence of the people. To defray his exorbitant expences and prodigality, he was obliged to impose the most burthensome taxes. The English with indignation seeing themselves deprived of honours, and that their wealth was possessed by foreigners, murmured greatly, and spiring each other up, they refused to pay the taxes, and took up arms to repel force by force. As rebels never want leaders, Richard, Earl of Gloucester, and Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, both brothers-in-law to the king, put themselves at their head, and declared war against their sovereign. England was now exposed to all the calamities attendant on civil wars. Many cities were taken and retaken, and always became a prey to the soldiers, who pushed their cruelties to excess. The Earl of Gloucester died, and Simon of Leicester remained sole commander of the malcontents. As he was an able officer, and merited the highest encomiums, if he had not employed his talents against the king, he knew how to take advantage of all the errors into

which the royalists fell. In short, after several engagements, wherein he was always successful, he came to a general action, in which he made the king and all the royal family prisoners.

The English, who considered him as their deliverer, regarded him more than their king.

But this nobleman who had had the address to attain to the supreme power, had not the prudence to keep it. He abused his authority. The English, whom he treated with haughtiness, perceived that he had his own elevation in view rather than the interest of his country; and their discontent thereupon, together with their natural inconstancy, induced them to wish that some one would have the courage to oppose him. This soon happened in the person of Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester, son of Richard. This young nobleman, who had had a considerable share in the victory gained over the king by the malcontents, was desirous of celebrating it by rejoicings, and publicly proposed a tournament. The Earl of Leicester fearing that this festivity might be productive of some commotions, forbade his children being present at it. Young Gloucester, who was already offended at the Earl of Leicester for not sharing the authority with him, grew outrageous on hearing the order which the earl had given to his sons, and vowed his destruction. To hasten the execution of his design, he applied to certain noblemen whom he knew to be attached to the king, and proposed to join them in an attempt to release him from his imprisonment; he gained over several of the malcontents, went with them to deliver the young Prince Edward, who was not so strongly guarded as the king, his father; and put him at the head of the party he had formed.

This young prince, who reigned under the name of Edward I. embraced the opportunity which fortune threw in his way. He immediately published an amnesty, in the name of his father, to all those who would join him. By this policy his army increased daily, many cities declaring for him; and now, being master of a considerable army, he went in quest of the Earl of Leicester, came up with him before he had got together all his forces, and obliged him to come to an engagement, in which he gave such proofs of his conduct and valour, that Leicester, being astonished, said, "By the

arm of St. James, I have taught my enemies to fight. Let us recommend our souls to God; for our bodies are at their disposal." Soon after he had uttered these words, he fell dead to the ground, being wounded in several places. The rebels having lost their leader, presently dispersed. Edward, covered with laurels, went immediately and set his father at liberty, and replaced him on the throne, where he demeaned himself with great prudence, and died peaceably in the year 1273.

A quarrel which arose between two men of mean condition, the one a Genoese and the other a Venetian, occasions a terrible war between the republics of Venice and Genoa, about the year 1258.

GENOA withdrew itself from the dominion of the successors of Charlemagne; and, in spite of all the troubles and divisions as well as intestine civil wars, with which she was agitated, she preserved her liberty. Europe, then peopled by barbarians, was ignorant of the advantages of commerce; Genoa built ships, and brought into Europe the productions of Asia and Africa; she amassed immense riches and became one of the most flourishing cities of the world. Venice followed her example, and became her rival.

These two republics, which commerce made known to all nations, soon had establishments in every part of the known world. They had a considerable one in the city of Acre, which, on account of its situation, and largeness of its harbour, was very commodious to those who traded along the coast of Syria. The Genoese and Venetians had between them more than one-third of the city, where they lived subject to the laws of their respective countries.

Neither the difference of customs, nor even interest itself, which among merchants is an astonishing circumstance, occasioned any discord between them: they lived many years in as perfect a union as if they had been of the same nation and of joint interests. But if the ordinary motives of division among men were not capable of disturbing these two nations, we shall see them in arms against each other from a trifling, and at the same time, a very singular cause. Two men, of the very lowest condition, the one a Genoese,

and the other a Venetian, who were no other than porters to the merchants, fell out about a bale of goods which were to be carried: from words they came to blows. The merchants, who at first gathered round them only by way of amusement to see the battle, at length took part in the quarrel, each assisting their countryman. They grew warm, and fought together; so that much blood was spilt, and a deal of damage done on both sides. Complaints were soon carried to Genoa and Venice. The magistrates of each republic agreed, that satisfaction should be made for the damage, according to the estimation of several arbitrators appointed for that purpose. The Genoese being condemned to make a more considerable reparation than the Venetians, delayed to furnish what was demanded of them. The Venetians piqued at the unfaithfulness of the Genoese, resolved to do themselves justice; and having surprised all the Genoese vessels which were in the port of Acre, set them on fire. The Genoese would have retaliated this injury on the Venetians, but the latter were on their guard, and prevented them; a battle, however, ensued, much more bloody than the first. Genoa and Venice resolved to support their merchants; they each fitted out a considerable fleet; that of the former was beaten; and the Genoese were obliged to abandon their settlements at Acre: the Venetians razed their houses and forts, and destroyed their magazines. The Genoese, irritated at their defeat, used their utmost efforts to put their fleet again into a condition to attack the Venetians. Every citizen offered to venture his person and fortune to revenge the outrage committed against his country. The Venetians, informed of these preparations, neglected no precautions to oppose them. The sea was covered with ships, an engagement ensued, much blood was spilt, and many brave citizens were lost on both sides. In short, after a long and cruel war, in which the two republics reaped nothing but shame for having entered into it, they made peace.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR
OF
THE LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

YOUR kindness in inserting Maria W.'s letter in your Museum prompts me to hope you will not refuse admission to mine; for I can at least lay some claim to your sympathy, being one amongst too many that this world daily presents to view, who, nursed in visions of blissful hope, has at length awoke to a maturity of wretched disappointment. An only and almost idolized child, I nevertheless early exchanged my freedom for matrimonial shackles, and in quitting the abode of parental tenderness with the object of my youthful affections, I fondly flattered myself that I had for ever ensured my happiness; and for one year, one short year, all my fairy dreams seemed more than realized; at that period a new object awakened in my bosom a hitherto dormant sensation: I became a mother; and as I pressed the little infant to my bosom, and heard the rapturous congratulations of my husband, my recent anguish, all, all I had endured, were forgotten; a new existence appeared opened before me, known but to those whose hearts have, for the first time, felt the warm throb of maternal affection. The kind attentions of my friends soon restored me to health; but tranquillity did not long remain with me. Not to weary you with my detail, I will briefly relate the cause of my distress—it was the loss of that tenderness which I prized more than life. My husband's attentions at first so gradually declined, that it was some time ere I noticed a change, and when I missed him from my side in the nursery, I began to fear too much of my time was devoted to my cherub boy; with sorrow, therefore, I consigned him more to the care of his nurse, and again volunteered to be my husband's walking companion; but my pace could never suit him; it was either too slow or too quick: I was an eternal talker, or an insipid companion; I played and sung,

but he hated music, and my voice was odious; in this manner I was obliged to give up those favourite amusements; but, believe me, the bitter tears I shed were for the versatile being for whom these now-despised talents had once been exerted with never-failing success. It were vain to recount all his inconsistencies; suffice it, that the man I loved so exquisitely, and for whom I would have sacrificed my life, was in less than two years transformed from the most affectionate lover to a complete domestic tyrant! What still more added to my mortification was, that, in company, his behaviour to me was so kind and attentive, that he was considered a most excellent husband, and so graceful and elegant was his deportment, that his society was generally courted. But how different was the scene at home! a surly tone quickly superseded those insinuating ascents which carried persuasion with it, whilst if I paid or received from a male friend any more than the most distant civility, his bitter taunts and sarcastic reproaches almost drove me to despair. About this time, my dear father died; and it was the first wish of my heart to offer my remaining parent an asylum in my house, but this request was harshly refused; and I had the sorrow of seeing my mother remove to some distance to reside with a relation; but she left me in the belief that I was happy; for I had carefully concealed my uneasiness from her, and never shall she know the misery I have endured, which I doubt not sprung in part from an education, which, instead of counteracting, fostered the fatal seeds of sensibility, which nature had endowed me with. My grief for my dear mother's loss was rendered still more acute, as my second confinement approached: how different from the last! My husband, indeed, welcomed the little stranger with apparent pleasure, but its suffering parent was not as before attended; the hand of affection smoothed not my pillow of pain; and he who had vowed to cherish me in sickness, was indulging in dissipation, regardless of my distress. Slowly recovering, but still languid and dejected, I was one day roused from a short slumber by the terrifying cries of my little boy: I flew to the spot, and found him enveloped in flames; the servants having carelessly left him alone, he had been playing with lighted tapers, which quickly communicated to his clothes, and he was so dread-

fully burnt, that he expired a few hours after in agonizing tortures. Oh! never will the anguish of that event be forgotten; every minor consideration was obliterated by the recollection of it; I obstinately refused every consolation, and was only awakened from my lethargy of grief by the sudden death of my infant: it was then I found that, by indulging in unavailing sorrow for one child, I had deprived myself of the other, for its premature dissolution was partly occasioned by neglect. This dreadful reflection was to much for me to bear, and my reason sunk under it. A good constitution, however, finally triumphed over these accumulated evils, and I happily recovered to see the folly of my past life: on the bed of sickness, we see things as through a different medium; in the solitude of my chamber, I remembered that God, who has promised aid to the afflicted: in examining my own heart, I found from its many imperfections an excuse for my husband's; I remembered too, that though our nuptials were celebrated under the happiest worldly auspices, we had neither of us implored upon them the blessing of the Almighty; in a word, that we had never thought of religion. I am now, through the Divine Mercy, restored to health, though not to that buoyancy of spirits which once characterised me, nor am I blessed with domestic felicity; but I repine not as formerly at this misfortune, but rather endeavour, by the undeviating rectitude of my conduct, to make religion appear pleasing to my husband. When he is convinced of the necessity of it, I shall be far happier than when at the first period of our union we lived but for each other, totally regardless of the Author of our being. Thus have I endeavoured, as concisely as possible, to touch upon the principal occurrences of my past life, in the hope, that they may prove a salutary warning to young people, who, like myself, indulging in a dangerous sensibility and delighting in ideality, clothe the object of their affections in the glowing colors which fancy loves to paint; for assuredly time will lift the flimsy veil, and discover, perhaps too late, that the being they had thus endowed is no divinity, but a piece of frail mortality like themselves. There is but one true basis on which to build our hopes of matrimonial happiness, and that basis is—religion.

I remain, sir, your's respectfully,

ADELAIDE S——.

ESSAY.

I HAVE often been pleased in contemplating the variety of bents or inclinations which the Creator has judged proper to implant in the human race. After having formed the terrestrial world, with Adam, he seems, if I may be allowed the expression, to have looked upon the universe as still incomplete, and as if inclined himself for a cessation from further labour, at the same time that he was unwilling a single portion of the plan should be left unfinished, to have called these inclinations into existence, for the purpose of carrying on-wards to perfection the great fabric of his handywork.

Although the first generation of men saw at their birth the globe lovely in its appearance, watered by noble rivers, tufted by verdant forests, varied in its surface by a succession of green valleys and majestic mountains, and overhung with an ethereal canopy, enriched through the day by the splendour of the sun, and through the night by the moon and a multitude of stars, still they observed that there was much left for them to perform. The dwelling-house for defending them from the inclemency of the weather, had not yet been erected—the bridge had not yet spanned the river, and there was no ship to traverse the immensity of the ocean. I may add to all these deficiencies that there had been no perfect revelation of the arts and sciences which have already added, and are still adding, so much beauty and utility to the original creation.

From these inclinations, the artizan, the sailor, the poet, the philosopher, and the divine, derive their origin, and shine and are rewarded in their proper stations.

But although the inclinations of men differ so much that the lawyer would, perhaps, spurn at the thoughts of becoming physician, and the physician, in his turn, at becoming lawyer, still there are some points in which men seem almost universally to agree, and in no one, I think, so much as in their love for the country.

I have always been of opinion that the structure of the country possesses in itself so much to recommend it that I

have often wondered how there should be any exceptions to this love. The still blue lake, the flowery vale, the river meandering like a body of beautiful silver, the undulations of woods and mountains, and the expansion of pure ether, that terminates and seems so finely to girdle the scene, certainly possess charms which the city cannot boast of, and which cannot fail to arrest the attention of any eye but that of the most obtuse; and, indeed, I have some satisfaction in stating, that I have in general found exceptions among the debauched, the avaricious, the narrow-minded, and the worthless.

But Providence, not pleased with providing in the middle of such delightful scenery, gratifications for the eye alone, has ordered that it should be conducive to the delight of the other senses: hence the grass on which we tread, and every flower, shrub, and tree, that grows, wafts pleasure to the nostrils in its exhalations; while our ears are assailed and made glad by the warblings of the choristers in every thicket. Yet even here, Providence did not stop: not contented that the country should do nothing more than merit the approbation of our reason for giving delight to the senses, he has infused into the combination of beautiful appearances and into every breeze that blows, and exhalation that meets the nostrils, health to the body, and exhilaration to the languid spirit. When I think of all these things, and consider still that there are exceptions to the general love, my wonder is augmented into astonishment.

No doubt, it will be said, that the city presents us with scenes, amusements, and luxuries, which the country cannot afford; that there the eye may be delighted with the grandeur of architecture, or the beauty of painting; the mind gratified by the ball, the opera, or by the masquerade, by the charms of multifarious conversation; the palate feasted with food, and the body renovated by medicine, which cannot so easily be obtained elsewhere. But to the first of these statements, I would answer, that no architecture or painting can be compared with the architecture and painting of the Creator, which is exhibited nowhere but in the country. To the second, that those who can afford to partake of amusement, varied conversation, and articles of luxury in the town, might likewise fall upon methods for commanding them among the

plains and rivers. And to the third and last, I would answer, that the country is frequently the best physician; and is recommended to the patient by professional men when chemical preparations have lost their effect upon him; and that it often restores him to his pristine vigour when the hope for his recovery has been long terminated.

If we meet in the city with some admired painting, it is most likely just the copy of some admired scene in the country; if we meet in the middle of the square or park with some beautiful cascade, it is still an imitation of rurality. In short, it is really the case, that what is most rapturously admired about a town, is only a copy of something in the country; and surely a copy can never be put in competition with the original.

But if we take into consideration the general associations connected with the town and country, we shall find still greater cause for giving the preference to the latter.

I believe that to the greater part of men the very word *city* suggests ideas of an unpleasant nature. If they look to its origin, they find that it has been occasioned by animosity and dissension among men by a compact among one part of them, that it might be better able to secure itself against the tyranny of the other. When they look to its progress, they find that it has too much had its support in extravagant luxuries and vices. The traffic of the spirit dealer, the number of unfortunate females, and many other things which it is unnecessary to mention, are all proofs of this assertion. If they look to its different alleys and streets, they think on what crimes have been committed in almost every corner of them; and on how many sick and evil-disposed beings, how many thieves and assassins, have inhabited and are still inhabiting them. They are led to think on the distrust that prevails there, on the trouble that each takes about the security of his property, and upon the lash of the law which is ever in readiness to be brandished over the head of the offender. When they hear the word *country*, their heart thrills to opposite sensations. They are led to look upon it as the immediate workmanship of the Creator, and the first dwelling-place of man; they think on its features varied, and its riches increased by the exertions of a laudable industry; they see in every arbour the scene of

some happy love or friendship; and in the minds, manners, and customs, health and longevity of the natives, they seem to observe a continuance of the golden age, celebrated so much by Ovid and other poets.

These are the general associations connected with the country. Still there are men who have some others peculiar to themselves, but I am not backward in asserting, that those whose associations go so far as to lead them to prefer the town to the country, have derived these associations from prejudice, or from narrow-mindedness; or from one or other of the bad dispositions I have before enumerated, as having a tendency to lessen or prevent the general love.

For my part, I am united to the country by associations so numerous, and so intimately connected with the tender affections, that I never think of it without heaving a sigh, or shedding a multitude of bitter tears. The recollection of the days I passed among the stupendous mountains, noble lakes, and magnificent water-falls, beside which I was brought up; the numerous times I have been caressed on the knee of a kind father, who is now far distant from me, and on a mother's, who has for years been no more; the times I have sported with an elder sister, whose kindness, prudence, care, and activity, have made me, in part, forget the loss of a mother, and with other younger brothers and sisters, no one of whom is now beside me; all these, together with the recollection of an early and only love, crossed, but not destroyed, have rivetted me to the country, by a chain, which time shall never either dissolve or impair. If these and such recollections could have no power in enlarging my love for the country, I might have a heart which would be more calm than mine is now, but which would not be on that account the more to be envied. These scenes, not contented with haunting me by day, intermix themselves with my dreams and visions in the silence of night; and then, seeming again an inmate in the bowers of my childhood, and living over the whole days of my early life, my heart riots in rapture and happiness, till the morning interrupts the bliss and opens up the futility of the deception.

Those whose perceptions are too blunted, and whose associations are too few for inspiring them with a proper degree of this love for the country, may, perhaps, be able to

sharpen and enlarge them by observing the character of their illustrious contemporaries, or by turning to the pages of history, and there contemplating the feelings and conduct of the wise men and heroes of antiquity. There they will read of a Cincinnatus and a Camillus, of a Scipio and a Dioclesian—how those, who shined illustrious in the field of battle and in the cabinet, were lovers of the country, and preferred its beauties and retirements to the pomp and parade of camps and of Senate-houses. They will there read how the philosophic Cicero loved the retirement of his country-residence, and how the noble Virgil tuned his lyre by the lake of Sirmio.

The town is, indeed, the prison of man, and the country his native element; and he who thinks his love for it too weak, may, if he wishes to improve it, and has no other means, be taught a useful lesson, by looking to the brute creation, and observing how much joy the bird manifests on being set free from the cage in the city, to riot among the trees of the plantation, and what animation spreads over the face of the steed, when in his journey, he gets beyond the smoke of the large town, and inhales again the pure breeze of the country.

From the subject of this Essay, many morals may be deduced, but none of them, I am of opinion, can be more important, than the following, *viz.* That this general preference of the country to the town teaches us how much the sublimest work of man are inferior to those of his Creator.

G.

A FAITHFUL STEWARD.

A NOBLEMAN advised a French bishop to make an addition to his house of a new wing in the modern style. The bishop immediately answered him, "The difference, my lord, that there is between your advice and that which the devil gave to our Saviour is, that Satan advised Jesus to change the stones into bread that the poor might be fed, and you desire me to turn the bread of the poor into stones."

THE
ADVENTURES OF A SOVEREIGN.

(Continued from page 317, Vol. XII.)

FEARFUL of disturbing his wife, Wilford did not venture to return immediately to her apartment, but throwing himself into an arm-chair in the little parlour, he began to ruminate, with more seriousness than he had ever yet done, on the past and future. Those only who have seen themselves brought to the very brink of ruin by their own folly, and suddenly snatched from it by the benign interposition of Providence, can conceive the feelings that glowed in the breast of Wilford as he reflected on the happy change which a few short minutes had produced. His heart, naturally tender and benevolent, expanded with gratitude to Heaven, and with love to his fellow-creatures, and he formed a sincere and fervent resolution that the property thus providentially placed in his hands, should not be idly squandered in dissipation, but employed in the pursuits of benevolence, and in securing to himself the rational delights of domestic enjoyment.

One dark cloud, however, obscured these bright prospects of future usefulness and bliss: his Sophia's attachment to those pleasures which he had resolved to renounce. Would not she who had been suffered to enjoy them while their means were scanty, now expect an unlimited indulgence? This was a question which the heart of Wilford recoiled from answering, for so tenderly did he love his wife, that the thought of thwarting her wishes, however unreasonable they might be, was agony.

While he was lost in these reflections the servant entered to lay the cloth, and to say, that Mrs. Wilford wished to see him as soon as he had dined. Too much agitated to think of eating, he hastened to his Sophia; as he approached her bed, she extended her hand to him, with a smile of ineffable love and sweetness, but he saw with alarm that the traces of tears were on her cheeks. "Good Heavens! my beloved," cried he, "how is this?" "Be not alarmed, dear

Albert," replied she, calmly; "remember there are tears of joy; such are those I have been shedding over the precious babes whose birth has restored us to happiness and affluence. Ah! dear Albert, may the narrow escape which we have just experienced from utter ruin, act as a warning to us in future!"

These words surprised Wilford; he knew that she was in part informed of their situation, but he did not suppose that she was acquainted with the full extent of their embarrassments. She soon convinced him, that nothing was unknown to her; and while she firmly declared her resolution to shun in future the thoughtless dissipation in which she had hitherto lived, she timidly hinted a hope that the new ties which they both had to home would by degrees endear it also to her husband.

I should vainly endeavour to describe the transport which this unexpected declaration filled the breast of Wilford; he tenderly assured his Sophia that home should be in future the boundary of his wishes; and he quitted her with a heart filled with that pure and perfect happiness which is only to be found in the sincere resolution of performing our duties.

When he went down stairs, he gave me to the servant to procure some writing-paper; by her I was transferred to a stationer, and I passed from his hands in the course of a few minutes into those of an eminent physician, who stepped at his shop for a moment, in order to discharge his half-yearly account.

My new master was a singular character; he had risen in the world solely by his merit, and it must have been great indeed to overcome the disadvantages under which he set out in life; I do not mean those of fortune merely, but his native bluntness, his severe and unprepossessing manners, and his utter want of subserviency to the vices and follies of the great, were formidable obstacles in his way to fame and fortune; nevertheless, he had surmounted them, and at the time I am speaking of, he was deservedly at the head of his profession.

The first visit he paid, after I came into his possession, was to a young countess whose health, character, and beauty, had all been nearly destroyed by the vigils of the card-table.

She was then but just risen, although it was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, and as she held out her white, but emaciated, arm to my master, she assailed him with a long list of nervous symptoms, which she was assured, she said, would speedily cause her death, if he did not exert his whole skill to save her.

"My skill can be of no use in your ladyship's malady," said he, bluntly; "if you want to be well, you must be your own physician."

"How so, dear doctor?"

"Go immediately to your seat in Devonshire; stay there during the whole of the summer; take moderate exercise; keep early hours, and eat plain food: these, madam, will, in your case, be the most effectual remedies."

"Horrid!" cried the countess, with more spirit than her languid frame seemed capable of; "why, sir, if you wanted to kill me at once, you could not have prescribed more effectual means. Take moderate exercise! sir, I can't even bear the motion of a carriage."

"No, madam; nor you never will while you continue to imbibe the pestiferous air of hot, crowded rooms, and to go out when you ought to be going to bed."

"As to plain food," continued her ladyship, with increasing anger, "you must be intent upon starving me, or else I am sure, you would never talk of it. I cannot eat even of those exquisite dishes for which my cook, La Fricandean, is so celebrated."

"I don't know how you should," replied my master, surlily; "those cursed compounds of every thing that is pernicious to the stomach, have already done their part towards destroying the tone of your's."

"Then as to leaving London," cried her ladyship, without heeding his answer, "at this time of the year, it is impossible to think of; unless, indeed," added she, more mildly, "if change of air was absolutely necessary, one might, to be sure, go to Paris."

"What, madam, in order that the dissipations of that capital may finish what those of this have began. Madam, I must deal plainly with you; your recovery now is very possible, but the odds are a hundred to one, that in another

month, if you continue your present mode of life, your case will be utterly hopeless," and he moved towards the door.

"Good Heavens! doctor, you cannot be serious; and besides you will not surely go, without prescribing something."

"'Tis of no use to prescribe till your ladyship is in a situation to benefit by medicine. I have told you what you ought to do; if you will not follow my advice, you must take the consequences."

"But to quit London in the height of the season, and to be buried in the odious country; 'tis very hard."

"Well, you have your choice; in a few weeks more you may be buried wherever you please."

The countess replied only with her eyes, and they said, intelligibly enough, that my master was a complete brute. In reality she wronged him, for, notwithstanding his cold and even severe tone, he was sensibly touched at seeing a creature so young and lovely sinking into an early grave, through her own fault; but he was well aware that remonstrance or entreaty would be vain, and that it was only by thoroughly alarming her for her life, that he could induce her to make an effort to save it. The event shewed that he was right; for finding it impossible to prevail upon him to prescribe while she remained in London, she resolved to bid it a temporary adieu; and my master having gained his point, quitted her to visit another invalid, who was suffering under symptoms similar to those of the fair countess; but they proceeded from a very different cause.

She was a widow with an only child, then an infant, and for its subsistence and her own, she had, as I afterwards learned, on being left destitute, by the death of her husband, embraced a life of literary labour. She was not destitute of genius, but too proud to court patronage, and too susceptible not to be perpetually stung by the slights which modest merit unpatronized and unaided so frequently meets with. Her health yielded to toil and anxiety, and as a last resource, she had sent for my master; who now from motives of humanity paid her a second visit. He would have refused to take a fee for his first, had not the deepened glow upon the cheek of the poor sufferer, convinced him that she retained too much of that troublesome companion of

poverty, pride, to accept, without pain, an obligation from a stranger.

I was struck with the different manner in which my master approached the haughty countess and the poor authoress. The careless air with which he entered the apartment of the former, and his blunt and cold tone in speaking to her, were strongly contrasted by the look of kindness and respect, and the voice of anxious solicitude, in which he enquired whether the latter had found benefit by his prescription."

"I am afraid," replied she, with a faint smile, "that I have not given it a fair trial. A circumstance occurred last night which agitated me very much; and the symptoms I have felt since, induce me to think, I am more in danger than I had at first supposed. Be candid with me, my good sir; I could, indeed, wish to live;" and her eye glanced at her cherub child, "but if the will of Heaven be otherwise, I trust I am resigned, and but for that poor infant's sake, I could greet death as a friend."

"By Heaven! you shall do no such thing," cried my master, with vehemence. "Greet death as a friend, indeed! What, madam, would you, like a coward, desert your post? would you leave this little angel unprotected?"

"She will not, thank Heaven! be wholly destitute; and if my fate be fixed; if it cannot be otherwise——"

"I say it shall be otherwise. You are in no more danger of dying than I am, if you will only follow my advice."

"Ah! doctor," and she shook her head, with a grateful but incredulous air.

"There now, what can a physician do for you, in whom you have no confidence?"

"You wrong me; I have the greatest confidence in your skill; but there are cases, and I think mine is one of them, in which all human aid is unavailing."

"But there is no case so desperate as to exclude hope. I repeat to you, that, with God's help, I can cure you, if you will suffer me to do so; but we must begin by striking at the root of your disease; I interdict the use of your pen for six months to come, at least. Nay, I understand your looks, and I will translate them into plain English. You have not sufficient cash to defray your expences during that time,

and you would rather die than be obliged to any body; but your life must not be sacrificed to false pride: you are a mother; will you perish rather than accept from me the means of living for your child?"

Oh, Benevolence! how nearly does thy pure spirit assimilate man with angels! The poor invalid could not reply to this burst of genuine feeling; but as she held out her hand to my master, a gush of grateful tears relieved her full heart.

"And now, my dear madam," cried he, as he respectfully took her offered hand, "our compact is sealed; from this moment you are under my direction; and the first use I shall make of my authority will be to transport you to a quiet village near town. There is an old lady, a distant relation of mine, who resides at ———, I can rely on her care and tenderness; but you must set out to-morrow; there is no time to be lost. And now, God bless you! Do not forget to take the draught to-night."

"Most benevolent of men, how can I ever thank you? how can I ever repay——"

"Very easily," cried my master, interrupting her: "you shall dedicate your next work to me; and now not a word more." He then hastily retired, leaving on the table his purse, in which I was, together with a few more of my brethren, and notes to a pretty considerable amount; and the poor invalid, clasping her little girl to her bosom, gave a free vent to her tears. Hope, which neglect and adversity had almost banished from her heart, once more revived, and for the first time during many weeks, she tasted food with something like an appetite.

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE;**A TALE.**

"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE exhausted frame of Agnes found rest in a long and deep sleep; and the morning had pretty far advanced ere she awoke. At length slowly lifting her eyes, unconscious at first of the cause which weighed down her heart with such an oppressive weight, she instinctively threw her arm across the bed: a sense of all her misery then broke upon her mind, but a violent flood of tears coming seasonably to her relief, she was in a short time able to collect her thoughts sufficiently to consider what remained for her to do. After a little deliberation, she dispatched the note that De Courcy had left for his brother, and in painful suspense she awaited his arrival. Two hours elapsed before he obeyed the summons, and Agnes in the mean time had endeavoured to regain some degree of composure to fortify her mind against the impending trial; in this, in some degree, she succeeded; but when Lord Edward was announced her agitation became excessive, and she arose to meet him with apparent serenity, but with inward agony.

Lord Edward De Courcy was in all respects a most amiable character, but his virtues nearly approached to austerity, and his pride of birth was almost a second nature; the slightest reflection on the honour of his family was insupportable to him, and was of all injuries the least to be forgiven. The calm serenity of his countenance, combined with the look of tenderness to herself, struck on the heart of Agnes; he gently took her hand in his, and seating himself by her side, he instantly reverted to the dreaded subject; but not one reproach, not one indignant feeling betrayed itself, though his manner rather communicated than destroyed apprehension. "Agnes," said he, gently, "we must now consider what is proper to be done for you; have you formed any plan yourself for your future life?"

"But De Courcy?" faintly murmured Agnes.

"De Courcy has carved his own fortune, and sealed his own destiny." Agnes glanced a look of silent appeal at him, but without regarding it, he continued, "He has completely ruined himself; henceforth he is an alien to the family he has disgraced, and of which he is so utterly unworthy."

"Oh! what do you mean, my lord?" cried Agnes, almost breathless with a newly-awakened terror.

"That De Courcy, having forfeited all claim to the honour of his family, must henceforth be a stranger to it; in a foreign land, and under a different name, he must bury his and our disgrace. You, Agnes, shall be protected as becomes the widow of a De Courcy, and your children shall be educated according to their rank."

"Not so, my lord," interrupted Agnes; "think not so meanly of me as to suppose me capable of enjoying any privilege whatever that is denied my husband; his fate is mine, and whether for weal or woe, we part not."

"Listen, my dear sister," returned his lordship, "listen to the dictates of prudence and not to affection, (if affection, indeed, you can retain for one who has so cruelly used you;) listen, in fact, to the dictates of virtue, unless, deceived by partiality, you have forgotten a just abhorrence of guilt."

"Oh! my lord!" cried Agnes, in a burst of bitter distress, "wrong me not again by such an insinuation. Heaven is my witness, what I have suffered in the idea of his having offended the laws of his Maker; this consideration indeed, is my bitterest pang, but he is not the less my husband, because he has sinned. His guilt has not released me from one obligation, neither can more disgrace attach to me in sharing his banishment than in remaining here; I bear his name, and no dishonour can affix itself to him, without its being in part allied to me."

"Agnes," returned his lordship, "say no more. He is unworthy of your consideration; he has deceived you for years, and will continue to do so; his conduct is more depraved than you have a suspicion of; nor are his vices, I grieve to add, the growth of his present infatuation."

"Then, my lord, would you have me abandon him to destruction, by cutting him off from every hope, and from every comfort?"

"It is his due," rejoined Lord Edward; "it is the just reward of his degeneracy."

"From you, perhaps," replied Agnes, with increasing earnestness, "but not from me, not from his wife; justice in you, would be criminality in her. When at the altar, I vowed, in the sight of an Almighty Being, to be his, I made no reserve, no condition, for better for worse I took him, and the oath that was registered in Heaven cannot be broken on earth."

"But have you thought of the inconveniences that must attend you? Nurst in the lap of affluence and protected from the slightest blast, how is it possible for you to encounter the miseries of poverty, and the evils of a foreign climate?"

"On the same ground, my lord, they are considerations which must have no weight with me, or rather they ought to confirm me in my resolution. I shared his prosperity, and common gratitude forbids me to abandon him in his adversity. Oh! would to Heaven, poverty were my only source of regret; to our fortunes I could conform myself with ease, for when mutual affection dress the board, it is but of little consequence whether the humble meal be shared in a palace or a hut."

"But your children; they must not——" The heart of Agnes died within her. "What of my children!" she exclaimed. He turned his head away to hide the tear that started. "They must not, they cannot accompany you. Agnes," continued he, taking her passive hand, and pressing it kindly in his, "I grieve to afflict you thus, but in no point of view would it be proper to allow them to share your flight, and surely you would not yourself, on reflection, needlessly expose them to danger; but as far as concerns myself, I must declare, that never shall the heir of the house of De Courcy be educated in a foreign land, or by a profligate father."

This unlooked-for calamity almost overpowered the senses of the hapless Agnes, and for many minutes she remained silent, and in apparent abstraction; at length, turning to his lordship, she firmly said, "It must be so then. He who gave me the blessing has a prior claim to my duty; if I relinquish my husband, I consign him, perhaps, to eternal

misery; the more abandoned he is, the greater must be the necessity to watch over him, and to win him back to virtue. My boys will be safe with you; and if I reclaim their father, I shall regain all I prize; if I fail, I shall at least have pursued the path my conscience tells me is right; my memory will be dear to my children, and they will not reproach me for having left any thing untried which might have saved the author of their being."

Lord Edward was at first too much affected to speak, but after a short pause, he mildly said, "Be it as you will; far be from me to lay any undue restraint upon your actions, particularly when the motive which actuates them is so pure. Go then, my beloved sister, and may you succeed to the utmost of your wishes; in the meantime, I pledge myself to be a father to your children, and in all things I will watch over their comfort and your's with the tenderness of the fondest parent. May you restore the wretched being for whom you sacrifice happiness, to a sense of his duty: reformed from his errors, there might be a hope of his return—if by any means his affairs could be arranged—if Sir William would forego prosecution, and his disgrace could be prevented—but no, that is impossible—his ruin is irretrievable.—I must, however, consult with your brother, Agnes," said he, rising, "and I will then see you again." He then took his leave, and left her at liberty to reflect upon what had passed.

"If by any means," she repeated thoughtfully: "oh! yes," she cried, as the idea struck her, "there is a means, there is a hope, and shall I not avail myself of it? I will see him myself. I will plead for them both. I know his noble nature, and, oh, gracious Heaven! perhaps I may succeed." The execution of her project was almost as instantaneous as it was conceived, and in the ardency of her feelings, she forgot the difficulties that attended such a step; but when she found herself in reality in the house of Sir William, her courage seemed to forsake her, and in a voice scarcely audible, she desired to be shewn to him. "My master, madam," said the servant, "cannot be seen: I dare not—" "Oh! yes," interrupted Agnes, passing on, "he will not refuse me. Tell him, I entreat only for a few minutes' conversation on a subject of the utmost importance." The

person of Agnes was unknown to the man, but virtue and loveliness always command respect, and he hastened against orders to deliver her message, and in a few moments returned to say, that Sir William would attend her as soon as possible. She now surveyed the apartment with a palpitating heart. Many articles in it shewed it was the one usually occupied by her ladyship—here probably had her husband spent many of those hours which ought to have been devoted to her—here had he breathed those vows which ought to have been wholly her's, and here, by such conduct, he had abused the sacred ties of hospitality and friendship, yet she was about to force herself into the presence of the man he had so abused, and under his own insulted roof, to plead for forbearance, if not for pardon.

Every moment seemed an age, and every sound made her heart beat almost to suffocation; at length she heard approaching footsteps, and in another instant a hand was applied to the lock of the door. Pulsation now stopped, and life itself seemed receding. She was conscious she stood before the husband of the once-virtuous Georgiana, and all the guilt of her husband appeared to rest upon herself; the crimson hue of shame burnt on her cheek, and her beautiful head was bent to the earth unable to meet the eye that now rested upon her. Sir William started back with astonishment when he recognized her, and remained for a moment fixed to the spot; a variety of different sensations overpowered him, and he found himself at a loss how to address her. "Mrs. De—" but the concluding word quivered on his lip, and indignation and recollected injury denied it utterance; but his passion sunk under her appearance, and hastily advancing towards her, he took her hand. "Agnes," said he, "I cannot reproach you! We are fellow-sufferers, and can pity each other." The big tears coursed each other down his manly cheek, and hiding his head on the arm of the sofa, he sobbed in agony.

(To to continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

THE RESTORATION of the WORKS of ART to ITALY; TALES and HISTORIC SCENES, in Verse; TRANSLATIONS; and THE SCEPTIC, a Poem; STANZAS to the MEMORY of the KING. By MRS. HEMANS. Hatchard and Son.

It is a pleasing task to award the meed of praise to any one, but certainly, (and we hope we shall be forgiven for the partiality we express) it is doubly agreeable to us to do so when the competitor for our favor is a female. This is a satisfaction which, we are proud to say, is often afforded us; for the present age is almost unprecedented for the number of writers it has produced; so much so, that there is scarcely a branch of literature which has not been respectably attempted by our fair contemporaries. The lady, however, whose works are now before us, will hold a very distinguished place among the most favoured candidates of public approval; nor will her fame be ephemeral, for unlike many who have been gifted in a superior degree by Nature, and who have so grossly abused the talents bestowed upon them, she has consecrated her fine abilities to the sacred causes of religion and virtue, and it will be as lasting as it is honourable. It is now five years since she first appeared before the public, and we hail it as a most favourable omen, that all her performances have successively risen in merit, and bear visible marks of rapid improvement. We shall therefore look forward with pleasure to a renewal of our acquaintance with Mrs. Hemans; for we make no doubt she has by no means reached that degree of eminence which we hope to see her attain. We are so circumscribed for room, that we are unable to particularize the merit of each separate poem, or at present to subjoin any extracts from them; we, however, give the preference unquestionably to the one entitled "The Sceptic," but we warmly recommend the whole to the attention of the admirers of real poetry, pure feeling, and elegant language.

AN ABRIDGEMENT OF "REFLECTIONS ON THE NATURE AND TENDENCY OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES." By the *Rev. George Burgess*, A. M. Vicar of Halvergate and Moulton.

A GREATER satisfaction could probably not have been given us than that which is now afforded us, in having an opportunity of expressing our cordial concurrence in the general opinion of the merits of this valuable production. It is an axiom to say that the value of a book does not consist in its size, nor its merit in the number of pages that it fills; for if it were not so, then they would be the best authors who wrote the largest volumes, and the greater quantity of the baser metal would be preferable to the pure coin of established currency. The excellence of a work also is never more fully proved than when, without the aid of a sounding title, high panegyric, or any of the aids of peculiar celebrity, it finds its way to public notice, and is received with favour almost before it is formally announced.—Such is the case in the present instance. The original pamphlet was scarcely published before an abridgement of it was requested; for it was not only much longer than is commonly pleasing, but contained a good deal of political allusion, which could not interest the general reader; at the same time it was fraught with matter of such deep moment, that it was considered highly advisable to reprint it in the manner in which we now present it to our readers. When we say that these Reflections are excellent, we stop far short of the truth: they are admirable, and are written in so masterly a style that we are almost at a loss which to admire most—the soundness of the argument, the eloquence of the writer, the copiousness of thought, or the richness of language that distinguishes it. The very superior and uncommon talents of the author, however, are every way conspicuous, and they are the more estimable as the exertion of them was never more required than it is now, and we most heartily hope that the present effort will be as universally disseminated as it deserves, and as occasion demands.

LIVES OF BRITISH STATESMEN. By *John Macdiarmid, Esq.* 2 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co.

THIS is a work of great interest, and is very ably executed. "To hold high converse with the illustrious dead" is always an improving task; for the mind in dwelling upon excellence insensibly imbibes a love of excellence itself, and reflects, though perhaps in an imperfect degree, the bright character it delighted in contemplating. These lives however, impress upon us a useful though not a novel lesson. They paint so forcibly the miseries attendant upon rank, power, and honors, though the acquisition and merited recompence of virtue and talent, that they awaken in us, not only a sensation of content, but of real satisfaction, that the humbler walks of life have been assigned us. The merit of the present volumes could not have been expected to consist so much in the production of new as in the judicious selection and arrangement of former matter; and considered in this light the author has acquitted himself in a manner that reflects considerable credit both on his judgment and general ability.

POEMS. By the Authors of "*POEMS FOR YOUTH, by a Family Circle.*" 12mo. 3s. 6d. Baldwin and Co. London.

THESE beautiful poems are the production of a very youthful Muse, having been written by a young lady between her fifteenth and one-and-twentieth year. As the highest compliment we can pay her, we will curtail our remarks, that we may have the pleasure of inserting two of her pieces, and thus make our readers participate in our satisfaction; prefacing, however, that we have not selected them because our limits will just admit them.

* * * * *

Good morn, good morn! see the sweet light breaking
O'er hill and dale to greet thy waking;
The dark grey clouds are flitting away,
And the young sun sheds forth a twilight ray,
And a halo of bloom is in the skies,
Yet the night of slumber is on thine eyes.

The opening dew lies fresh on the flower,
 And sweetly cool is the youthful hour;
 And the birds are twittering their tender song,
 The bright and weeping boughs among;
 And all seems fresh, and with rapture rife,
 While wakening into conscious life.
 O rouse thee! rouse thee! the precious time
 Is fleeting fast; and merrily chime
 The morning bells, and the beautiful view
 Thy touch should arrest is fading too!
 The glow of the cloud is dark'ning fast,
 And the sunny mist is almost past,
 And thy lyre is lying all unstrung,
 And thy matin hymn is still unsung;
 And thy lip is mute, and thy knee unbending,
 Nor is yet the sweet prayer to Heav'n ascending."

* * * * *

" Good night, good night! for the dews are sleeping,
 And the moon in the pale-blue skies is steeping
 Her radiant locks; and the birds are at rest,
 And the cushat sits brooding on her nest;
 And the shade on the woods is a deeper green;
 And the dark grey hill are more faintly seen,
 And the flowers their bells of beauty close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose.
 There is rest for all, but none for thee,
 For thy heart is spell-bound, and thou must flee
 From the influence of this twilight hour,
 For it hath a strange bewitching power.
 'Twill breathe of hopes which will never be true,
 'Twill bring thine infancy fresh to thy view;
 And with its sweet and shadowy light,
 Retouch each vision to thy sight.

WINTER-EVENING TALES, collected among the Cottagers
 in the South of Scotland. By JAMES HOGG, Author of
 "*The Queen's Wake*," &c. 12mo. 2 vols. 14s. Whitakers.

Our readers are no strangers, we doubt not, to the merits
 of this author, and we assure them the present Tales will
 not lessen him in their estimation. If not very instructive,
 they are extremely amusing, and will not conduce a little
 to the pleasures of a "Winter Evening," and its accompa-
 nyng luxury—"a Winter fire-side."

A MEMOIR on the **VOYAGE** of **D'ENTRICASTREUX**, in Search of **LA PEROUSE**. By **James Burney, Esq. R. N.** and **F. R. S.** pp. 21.

WE briefly notice this pamphlet because it re-opens a most interesting enquiry into the fate of one whose uncertain destiny has ever awakened our painful and anxious curiosity. We confess ourselves unable to decide the probability of the hypothesis now advanced, but we should much rejoice if it should furnish a clue to a discovery so much desired, and so often attempted unsuccessfully.

ANNE GROVES; or, **Barnet Fair**. By **Miss Agnes Carey**. Designed for the Benefit of young Women going to **Set-vice**. 12mo. Newman, London.

The best recommendation that can be given to this little tale, is, that it first appeared in a novel, and has been reprinted in its present form at the request of the Society for the Suppression of Vice; under such auspices, it can require no aid that our humble opinion can give it.

The Author of "**Waverly**" has another novel in the press, which is expected to appear this month.

The **FAMILY CYCLOPEDIA**, by **J. Jennings**. Part 1st. 2s. 6d. **Sherwood**. The whole to be completed in Ten Parts.

ENDYMION. A poetic romance. By **John Keats**. 9s. 8vo. **Taylor and Hessey**.

A **HOLIDAY LETTER** for a young Lady, expressive of her Duties when absent from School. By **Mrs. Sargent**, Author of "**Sonnets, &c.**" "**Letters from a Mother to a Daughter,**" &c. &c. 1s. **Wetton and Jarvis**.

A **LETTER** on the Observance of Divine Worship. 6d. **Wetton and Jarvis**.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR DECEMBER, 1820.

HOME affairs for the last month wear a very chequered appearance. While we see with pleasure a decided increase in some branches of trade, we cannot but lament the languishing state of others, and the truly deplorable condition of the agricultural interest. It is also impossible not to look with horror at the evident increase of crime among the lower orders, which is, alas! too fatally evinced by the number of capital convictions. The necessity of some amelioration of our penal laws, has been long and deeply felt; and every day renders it more imperatively the duty of the legislature to substitute other punishments in place of death for minor offences; for it is clear that the blood shed for these offences has no effect in deterring others from the commission of them.

The public mind is at present chiefly occupied with the question of Ministers retaining their situation, or not: petitions are pouring in from every part of the country, praying His Majesty to dismiss them; and they themselves have just sustained a very considerable loss in the resignation of Mr. Canning, which was announced on the 21st of December; this gentleman was by much the most efficient and powerful speaker among the members of the present cabinet, and in point of talent may be fairly said to possess more than all the rest of his colleagues put together. The opposition party hail his retreat as a certain symptom of the dismissal of the rest. Mr. Peel is spoken of as his successor.

The foreign affairs of the month, as far as respects France, Spain, and Austria, are of no peculiar interest, but we have the satisfaction of seeing that every thing is at present tranquil in these countries. Some slight disturbance has taken place at St. Petersburg, in consequence of the first regiment of Imperial guards, who are entirely composed of individuals of noble birth, having withdrawn all obedience to their commander, Colonel Schwaz, because they conceived that he had subjected them to unnecessary hardships. They came to the determination of attacking him in his quarters during the

night; this was undertaken by the grenadiers of the regiment, but the colonel effected his escape, and the soldiers were overpowered by the other military of the place.

The fate of Naples is not yet decided: it appears that the Austrians have determined to march into it, and re-establish the old constitution by force of arms. The Pope, from inability to resist the Austrians, has consented to let them march through his territories. Naples will most assuredly not yield her newly-recovered liberties without a desperate struggle, and it appears highly probable that, if the Emperor of Austria carries the above-mentioned measure into effect, a general insurrection will take place in Italy.

Some clouds have threatened to disturb the tranquillity of Portugal, but they have at present passed away; and the provincial Junta has intimated its intention to have the members of the Cortes chosen upon the principles of the Spanish constitution; and to refer to the determinations of that body, when assembled, every other point connected with the framing of a national government, and with the security of public freedom.

Accounts have reached us from Hayti of a revolution there, and of the death of Christophe, who perished by his own hand. It appears that the revolution has been accomplished without bloodshed. The people are unanimous in their choice of a new ruler, but his name is not yet known, nor has it been announced under what title he will govern.

Among the many cases of unprincipled extravagance which we daily meet with, the following will we think be found very conspicuous; it is extracted from the report of the Insolvent Debtor's Court in the beginning of December.—The liberation of John Burke was opposed by Mr. Heath, on the ground of his having contracted a variety of debts on false representations, and without any reasonable prospect of paying them. It appeared that in the year 1814, he had taken the benefit of the Insolvent Act, and immediately afterwards he took lodgings in Northumberland-street, where he incurred a variety of debts, and suffered an execution to be levied on his goods, and finally went away without paying his rent; he then took a ready-furnished house at Brompton; and after staying there a year and a half, and considerably damaging the furniture, he went away without paying his rent, by which he occasioned the total ruin of the poor woman who owned

the house. He next engaged a cottage at Hornsey, and while he was there, he took in a wine-merchant to a considerable amount, and ran up a bill with a poor green-grocer of upwards of eight pounds. The judgment of the court was, that unless he satisfied the demands of these four detaining creditors, he should continue in prison for the space of eighteen months longer.

A most disgraceful riot took place on Sunday the 10th of December, during the performance of Divine service in the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. The situation of the Lecturer having become vacant by the promotion of Mr. Stevens to the deanery of Rochester, the Rev. Mr. Saunders, of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, obtained it by a large majority. The Rev. Dr. Fynes, prebend of Westminster, and rector of St. Margaret's, had refused the use of the pulpit on the ground of his being one of that description of clergymen called *methodistical*. Sunday afternoon the church was crowded to excess; Mr. Saunders was refused the use of the vestry, and Mr. Rodber, the morning preacher, approached the pulpit to preach: instantly loud hisses, yells, and cries of "Shame! shame!" proceeded from a great number of persons standing in the aisle of the church. A horrible confusion ensued; numbers of persons, particularly women and children, got over the rails, and took refuge at the altar; the beadles, after much contest, succeeded in apprehending two of the rioters, but not till the prayer before the sermon, and even the commencement of the sermon itself, had been scandalously interrupted.

On the 12th of December, eight unfortunate persons suffered death at the Old Bailey; four of them for uttering forged Bank-notes; two for highway-robbery, one for sacrilege, and one for forging a bill of exchange. As our limits will not permit us to enter into a detail of the melancholy scene, we can only say, that they met their fate with the greatest patience and resignation. A strong sentiment of indignation seemed to pervade the assembled multitude, at the sight of those who suffered for *uttering* the forged Bank-notes; it is indeed lamentable that the Bank should so long have delayed the adoption of means to prevent this crime, but we are happy to learn that at last it has been resorted to, for it is now confidently asserted that the next dividend will be paid with the new Bank-notes, which are said to be almost impossible to imitate.

On Sunday, the 10th of December, the Duchess of Clarence was safely delivered of a daughter, who, though born in the seventh month of her Royal Highness's pregnancy, is likely to do well. His Majesty, with the concurrence of the Royal parents, has commanded that this infant princess, now presumptive heiress to the crown of these realms, should be named Elizabeth. Both the Duchess and the Royal infant continue to go on as well as possible up to this present 23d of December.

Addresses of congratulation to Her Majesty on the fate of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, continue to pour in from all parts of the kingdom: our limits will not permit us to give the names of the different towns in England, and parishes in London. Several also have been presented from Scotland, and Ireland. A deputation from the Highland assembly in London, dressed in the Highland garb, and, accompanied by some members of Parliament and other gentlemen, waited upon Her Majesty, on the 18th of December, with an address in the Gaelic language, and had the honour to be most graciously received.

Loyal addresses have been presented to the King from different parts of the country, expressive of attachment to His Majesty's person and government.



THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A NEW musical Drama, in three acts, called *Justice, or, The Caliph and the Cobbler*, was brought out at this theatre towards the end of November. The plot is founded upon an adventure of the Caliph Haroun Alrischid, who in one of his nocturnal rambles listens to the story of a poor cobbler, and finding that he is in despair, because, through the want of money and friends, he is on the point of losing the hand of a girl whom he tenderly loves; the Caliph, in a benevolent frolic, raises him to the rank of Vizier, in order to try whether in that situation he would not find relations ready enough to own him. The stra-

tagem completely succeeds; the new vizier is speedily surrounded by his kindred, who, in order to convince him of their affinity, load him with magnificent presents. As soon as the Caliph finds that he has received sufficient to form a handsome provision for his future life, he dismisses him from his office; and the happy cobbler, having obtained the hand of his sweetheart, retires from the fatigues of office to enjoy with her those domestic comforts which the gifts of his kind relations have enabled him to procure. Cooper was a very excellent representative of the Caliph; he had much of the dignity and still more of the *bon hommie* of our old acquaintance Haroun Alraschid. Harley in the Cobbler was inimitable; his ludicrous surprise when, on his promotion, he finds himself surrounded by a train of slaves, his idea that the whole is merely a dream, and the apprehension he is under of every moment losing the delightful vision, were comic beyond description; and when at length he ventures to persuade himself that he is actually awake, the airs of mock dignity with which he executes his office of vizier would, we think, move the muscles of the sourest critic alive. The character of Kaled the cobbler's sweetheart, Moussel, (Madame Vestris) is in itself very trifling, but it was raised into importance by the grace and *naïveté* of the actress. A very interesting under-plot afforded scope for the talents of Miss Kelly and Mr. Wallack. The scenery is very good, and the dresses are magnificent. The piece was much applauded, and is likely to have a great run.

In the early part of December, Madame Vestris appeared in *Little Pickle*, and was received with great applause; she certainly looked the character very well, and played it with much archness and spirit. To us, however, her performance wanted, what it is not often deficient in, the grand charm of nature; she had all the vivacity, but none of the childish simplicity, which ought to form a prominent tract in the character.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A NEW actor, Mr. Vandenhoff, made his *debut* at this house in the beginning of December in the character of *Lear*. His conception of the part throughout was very good, but his exe-

cution of it was not so happy; he wanted the dignity with which our divine bard has invested Lear, and this was especially observable in his sudden bursts of choler. He was deficient too in the expression of those mingled feelings of anger and strong parental tenderness, with which, in the beginning of their unnatural conduct, the unfortunate, deceived old man regards his daughters. Notwithstanding these faults, his performance was in some parts very effective; he never lost sight of the supposed age of Lear; not only his appearance, but his voice and gestures were always in strict unison with it. His anger against his rebellious daughters was very powerfully expressed, and happily contrasted with his tender remembrance of Cordelia, and deep repentance of the injury he had done her. His madness had nothing of that wildly poetic grandeur which Shakspeare gives it, but his return to reason was extremely well managed. He was very favourably received.

On the 18th of December we witnessed Mr. Vandenhoff's performance of Coriolanus, by which we are enabled to speak more decisively of his talents than we could do from seeing him in Lear. It is evident that he possesses talent rather than genius, that he has in general a just conception of his author, and that he very carefully studies his profession. His defects are those of nature; he wants dignity and grace; his features are not capable of that deep and varied expression which tragedy demands; his voice is not powerful, and at times it becomes feeble and hollow. Notwithstanding these defects, his Coriolanus was a good, though it could not be called a fine performance; he failed in the stern dignity of the patrician, but his indignant feelings at the recompense which ungrateful Rome gives to his services, and his appeal to the hospitality of Aufidius, were finely expressed; and in the struggle between pride and filial and conjugal love he was very successful. Mrs. Bunn played Volumnia in a very dignified and impressive style. Mrs. Faucit, though a good general actress, is not calculated for the representative of Virgilia there is a certain feminine softness, we might almost say, helplessness, both of manner and appearance, which Mrs. Faucit does not possess, absolutely essential to give effect to this character. The piece was throughout very well received,



Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses for Jan. 1782.

Invented by Miss Phipps, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Pub. by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street Jan. 1. 1782.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JANUARY, 1821.

MORNING DRESS.

A HIGH gown composed of poplin, the colour of which is a novel, and rather a peculiar shade of brown: the skirt is full and very much gored, and is finished at the bottom by a double flounce of the same material corded at the edge; this flounce is surmounted by two very full *rouleaux* of *soie de Londres* to correspond in colour. The *corsage* is made tight to the shape; the waist is about the same length as last month; and the collar is very high in the back of the throat, but shallow in front: a large pelerine completely envelopes the bust. The sleeves are of an easy width, fall very far over the hand, and are ornamented at the wrist with a full puffing of *soie de Londres*, surmounted by two *rouleaux* of the same material. A broad watered *gros de Naples* sash tied in short bows and very long ends behind, completes the dress. The head-dress is a *cornette* composed of British net, and trimmed with a narrow lace in imitation of Valenciennes; the caul is low, the ears narrow and cut very far back, and fastened with a full bow of riband under the chin. A broad wreath of leaves, composed of riband, encircles the head, and nearly covers the head-piece. Black kid slippers, and Limeric gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

A ROUND dress composed of Urling's lace over a white satin slip: the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with two large *rouleaux* of celestial blue satin placed at some distance from each other: full rosettes of blue satin are placed at regular distances on each *rouleau*. The *corsage* is made tight to the shape; the bust is decorated with a stomacher composed of alternate folds of blue and white satin, and ornamented up the middle with a button on each of the blue folds: the stomacher reaches quite across the bust, and then suddenly sloping, it descends a little below the waist, and ends in a scallop. A blue satin cestus encircles the waist, and a full puffing of blond goes round the bust. Short, full sleeve

composed of blue satin with a slight intermixture of lace. The hair is very much parted on the forehead; and is dressed in light loose ringlets, which fall very low on each side of the face; the hind hair is placed in bands, which are partly wound round the head, and partly fastened up in bows. A wreath of damask roses, placed rather far back, decorates the hair. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White figured *gros de Naples* slippers. White kid gloves. Small ivory fan. We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, maker of the *Corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, for both these dresses.

As promenade dress has not varied since last month, we shall endeavour to present our readers with a description of a carriage pelisse and bonnet, and some novelties in home costume, which have recently been invented by a *marchande des modes*, to whose elegant taste we have frequently been indebted. The pelisse is composed of the French material called *Velours epingle*, or, rather we should say, of our imitation of it, which is now perfectly equal to the foreign article; it is a silk of the richest description, with spots thrown up in imitation of fancy velvet; the colour is a bright claret, and it is lined with white sarsnet. The skirt is moderately wide, a good deal gored, and set in very full at the hips; the body is plain, the waist long, and finished at the hips with silk ornaments in the shape of acorns. The sleeve is of an easy width; the collar high, standing a good deal from the throat, and of the same depth all round. The trimming is composed of *gros de Naples*, of the same colour as the pelisse; it is laid on full, and is interspersed with a running wreath of leaves formed of velvet, and edged with chenille; a velvet *rouleau* at each edge finishes the trimmings which goes all round; it is about a quarter of a yard in breadth, and has an uncommonly novel and beautiful effect. The epaulette corresponds, only that the silk is more full; the collar and the bottom of the sleeve are also trimmed in a similar manner, but the trimming is not near so wide: the velvet is a shade darker than the pelisse.

The bonnet is also composed of *Velours epingle*, and is lined with white satin; the crown is shaped like a helmet, but is very low, and is ornamented with satin points, which are fancifully disposed in such a manner as to form a wreath

across the top of it. The brim is very large, and quite square over the face; it is long at the ears, and very deep at the left side, but shallower at the right; it turns up a little all round, and is cut out in niches which do not look unlike the teeth of a saw, they are edged with a narrow moss silk claret-coloured trimming, and there is a little space left between each. A full plume of white ostrich feathers is placed at the left side, and droops towards the right shoulder, and a rich watered riband of the colour of the bonnet, ties it under the chin.

The other articles are, a half-dress and a dinner gown. The first is composed of dark green spotted Irish poplin; the body is made half high, it is tight to the shape, and has a small pelerine, composed of alternate folds of transparent green gauze and white satin; they are disposed in scallops, are four rows deep, and form the bust in a peculiarly graceful manner. Long sleeve, rather straight, and finished at the hand in the same style. There is no epaulette, for the trimming of the bust, in fact, supplies the want of it. The skirt, which is gored, is made full, and decorated at the bottom by a wreath of green satin scollop-shells, surmounted by a trimming similar to that on the bust, but made much deeper, and a second wreath of scollop-shells is laid on above this trimming. We have seen nothing so novel and tasteful as this in half-dress for a considerable time.

The dinner-gown is composed of Clarence blue figured satin; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a broad band, or rather we should say, chain of plaited white and Clarence blue satin; above this is a row of plain white satin lozenges, the top and bottom points of which are decorated with knots of white satin. The *corsage* is long in the waist; the bust is formed in the corset style, that is to say, with a fulness of silk let in at each breast; and is cut so as to display the bosom, but not indelicately, and is rather lower behind than before; a row of blond lace, which is tied at regular distances with white satin bows, goes round the bosom. Very short full sleeve, the fulness formed into lozenges to correspond. A girdle of Clarence-blue satin, corded with white at the edge, finishes the dress.

Fashionable colours are geranium, ponceau, puce-colour, dark green, Clarence blue, ruby, and dark chesnut.

CABINET DES MODES DE PARIS.

WELL, my fair readers, whither shall we direct our steps in search of the most elegant novelties in promenade dress? shall we proceed to the

JARDIN DU ROI?

and after we have made our observations on the attire of those *élégants* of the *haut ton* who are taking their morning stroll there, we shall perhaps have time to stop for a few minutes in the BOULEVARDS, and, *vraiment il sera bien strange*, if between both we do not contrive to find something worth looking at to please one party, and something worth finding fault with to gratify another. *Allons* then, let us transport ourselves in imagination to the first-mentioned promenade; and now, what are the novelties which strike us since we last explored the fashionable walls of Paris.

Well, here are subjects enough for observation certainly, and a little food for satire too; for doubtless many of the dresses are not at all appropriate to the season. Let us see, pelisses, high gowns, and spencers. We will begin with the first.

They are now more generally worn in lutestring, levan-tine, or *gros de Naples*, than of cloth or velvet, and though they are usually wadded, yet being silk and of light colours in general, they have a cold, uncomfortable appearance, and contrast oddly with the large muff which now forms a part of the promenade costume. They are still made quite as long in the waist as when we last described them; the bodies are tight to the shape, and the sleeves are again made to set very close to the arm. Pelisses are invariably buttoned up the front; the trimming consists either of a broad velvet band, or else one of satin cut out to form what the French style *de dents*; though, to say the truth, they resemble scollops more than they do teeth, and are not after all very similar to either. If the trimming is of velvet, it goes all round; but if it is satin, the bottom is finished by a full *rouleau*, and *de dents* ornament the fronts; they are broad at the bottom, grow narrower towards the top, and reach to the throat. Full half-sleeve; the fulness confined across by a row of trimming to correspond with the cuff; and the bottom of the long sleeve is finished by a *rouleau* much smaller than that attached to the bottom of the dress. These pelisses are worn in fawn-

colour, pale slate-colour, light green, and rose-colour, and as they are admirably calculated to display the figure to advantage, you never see them on any woman who is not well-made, or at least whose figure is not passable.

Spencers are made with either plain or full backs, according to the fancy of the wearer; the sleeves are more loose than those of any other dress; and the pelerine is excessively large, wrapping across, and terminating in two deep points, which hang nearly half way down the figure in front. These spencers are always made either in velvet, *velours simulé*, or levantine; but whatever be the material, the colour is always black; they are confined to the waist by a broad girdle of the same stuff, which is fastened by a jet clasp, and they never have any trimming except a *Brandenbourg* attached to each point.

Late as it is in the season, these spencers are always worn with perkale dresses, a fashion which I heartily concur with that portion of my fair readers who are adverse to French modes, in reprobating. Nothing can, in fact, be in worse taste than a garb either too light or too heavy for the season, and, in this respect, we have, at present, at least, a manifest advantage over our neighbours. The trimmings of perkale gowns have nothing very new; they consist at present of byas flounces of the same material, laid on in rows close to each other, about a quarter of a yard in depth, and headed by a double flounce; they still continue to be disposed in very large plaits.

Coloured high dresses are made, in some instances, of cloth, in others, of silk; they have no longer a point before but instead of it they terminate in a little scollop. These dresses never have any other trimming than a broad band of velvet of the same colour, slightly scalloped at the upper end; the girdle is also of velvet, and the half sleeve is sometimes ornamented with narrow velvet bands, placed lengthwise to confine the fulness. A shawl is always thrown over the shoulders with these gowns, or else a large fur pelerine, which forms a very comfortable kind of cloke, as it reaches somewhat below the natural waist, folds over in front, and has a very high collar. Ermine, sable, squirrel, fox, and a great variety of fancy furs, are all in request.

Let us now take a survey of the bonnets; they are various enough in all conscience, and, upon the whole, pretty

enough too. Here and there, indeed, one sees a *Merveilleuse*, who seems bent upon, what we would call in England, "astonishing the natives," by a glaring, or *outré* head-dress, but this is seldom the case, bonnets being made in general very tastefully, although it certainly does sometimes happen that their appearance is too light for the time of year; a fault which I must not enlarge upon, because it is one which we are certainly very fond of copying.

The materials used for *chapeaux*, are plain and figured satin, velvet, *velours simulé*, *velours natte*, &c. &c. *pluche de soie*, and *pluche bouclée*; this last is a very beautiful material; it is a curled silk *pluche* which has at once a very light and rich effect. Bonnets are, upon the whole, something smaller than they were when we made our last report, though there are still many *élégantes* who have not reduced the size of their's: my readers will be at no loss to conceive that the features of those ladies render large bonnets peculiarly becoming to them.

The crowns are always low; the brims vary in shape, according to the fancy of the wearer; some are extremely wide, and quite square over the forehead, they likewise nearly meet in general under the chin; the brims of others are much shorter, and closer round the face; many are put very far back upon the head so as to display the whole of the countenance, and others are pulled forward in such a manner as partly to conceal it; but in whatever way they are arranged, the grand object is still attended to—every charm is made the most of, and every defect is, as much as possible, concealed.

The edges of the brims are ornamented either with twisted *rouleaux* of the same material as the bonnet, or else with broad bands of moss silk, plain satin *rouleaux*, which I must observe always correspond with the bonnet, or else a rich edging, either of down, or of ostrich feathers; this last is in general white. The crowns are decorated either with garlands or wreaths of winter flowers, or plumes of down or ostrich feathers, or still oftener with the same material as the bonnet, (provided that it is not velvet,) disposed in knots, cockades, and a number of other very tasteful ways, which it is impossible to describe.

Fashionable colours are, besides those I have already mentioned—silver grey, purple, ruby, olive green, and carnation.

A favorite Glee,

INTRODUCED

INTO SHAKSPEARE'S COMEDY OF "TWELFTH NIGHT."

THE WORDS FROM HIS POEMS—THE MUSIC BY RAVENSCROFT.

Who is Syl - via? what is she, That all our swains commend her? Ho - ly, fair, and wise is she, The Heav'ns such

Who is Syl - via? what is she, That all our swains commend her? Ho - ly, fair, and wise is she, The Heav'ns such

Who is Syl - via? what is she, That all our swains commend her? Ho - ly, fair, and wise, is she, The Heav'ns such

grace did lend her, That she might ad - mir - ed be, That she might ad - mir - ed be, The Heav'ns such grace did

grace did lend her, That she might ad - mir - ed be, That she might ad - mir - ed be, The Heav'ns such grace did

grace did lend her, That she might ad - mir - ed be, That she might ad - mir - ed be, The Heav'ns such grace did

lend her, That she might ad - mir - ed be. Is she kind as she is fair? For beau - ty lives with

kind-ness, Love doth to her eyes re - pair, To help him of his blind-ness, And be-ing help'd in - ha - bits there, And

be-ing help'd in - ha - bits there, To help him of his blind - ness, And be - ing help'd in - ha - bits there.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE VIOLET.

AN ALLEGORIC FABLE.

(Concluded from page 349, Vol XII.)

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

THOUGH by such new emotion pain'd,
A careless look he lightly feign'd;
Flew here, flew there, yet still observ'd
Whether the vi'let's actions swerv'd.
He saw some saucy hornets come,
And buz around her humble bloom,
But from their prate she turn'd away,
Pensive and sad, no longer gay;
Birds, butterflies, and Zephyrs, pass'd,
And not one languish did she cast:
Her eyes bent downwards, only stole
A glance at him who fill'd her soul.
Ah! did not Zephna's brilliant eyes
Far more than answer to her sighs?
Did not his quiv'ring pinions prove
A heart all trembling into love?
They did; and oft he linger'd near,
Breathing soft praises in her ear;
The vi'let, what she wish'd believ'd;
Say, was her tender faith deceiv'd?
Whether his flame was true or feign'd,
The youth each rising wish restrain'd,
Broke from the scene, far distant flew,
Nor bade the weeping nymph adieu.
Straight to a green-house, glowing hot,
His flight he bent; a gorgeous spot!

There all the vernal tribes that rise
'Neath either India's sultry skies,
Stood graceful rang'd, and wooed his stay,
With many a bland, bewitching way.
He skimmed o'er all, their shapes admiring,
Yet not one flower his own desiring;
For still to old opinion bound,
Zephna no *perfect* flow'ret found:
Perchance no rose had ever blown
Where he on vagrant wing had flown,
Since that rare flower of faultless form,
With virgin blushes meekly warm,
Sweet as love's breath, and guarded near
By thorns of chaste reserve and fear,
Beauteous and young, with virtue grac'd,
Had sure all prejudice effac'd!
But Fate, for one poor violet's sake,
Forbade the rose his peace to break.
Here where he roved, the easy dames
Avow'd at once their sudden flames;
Sick of their scent, too luscious sweet,
Tir'd of confinement and of heat,
He longed again to range at will,
O'er grove and meadow, field and hill;
But sad to tell, some envious power
Had closed each window and each door.
Once more he wander'd through the crowd
Of spicy shrubs, yet oft allow'd
Mem'ry to ask, if Abra grew
Still on her native bank of dew.
The third day ends; the casements ope,
Forth Zephna skims, all joy, all hope;
To other regions takes his flight,
There bathes in freedom's dear delight;
Forgets awhile all other things,
Save the blest power to use his wings.
Now whirl'd away on every wind,
By troops of gay companions join'd,
He gives his soul to hours of sport.
Seeks each light scene, each fairy court;
Till, lo! dark clouds begin to swell,
Rain, storm, and hail, the skies foretell—
The thunder roars—the torrents fall—
Away fly his associates all!

Zephna alone is left to bear
The wrath of heaven, and strife of air.
Now Abra on his thought returns,
To learn her fate his bosom burns;
Whether for love the maid has died,
Or sunk beneath this tempest wide;
Eager to learn, his wings are spread;
Dauntless he braves the open mead,
Flies through the storm, and seeks the spot
Where Abra stands so long forgot.
He saw the nymph, but, oh! how chang'd.
Since first he near her dwelling rang'd!
Abra, alas! was past her prime,
(For v'lets have their fading time),
Long days, and trying, stormy weather,
Had marr'd her aspect altogether;
For in the calendar of flowers,
Days stand for years, instants for hours;
And *five whole days* had slowly gone,
Since she for Zephna wept alone.
Oft in that dreary age of pain,
Thus would she to herself complain:—
“Ah! raging winds, if thus you blow,
Where he I love perchance must go,
His tender form to atoms torn,
Will soon on every blast be borne,
'Whelmed in the sea, or sunk by snow,
His corse no grassy tomb shall know,
While I, to doubt and grief a prey,
Weeping, may waste my life away.”
Not that the maid liv'd quite neglected;
No, she had *fools* a few rejected;
And of the *wiser*, some there were
Who prais'd too much her shape and air,
And styled her fragrance past compare.
Still Zephna's image in her heart,
Bade every other form depart;
Content for him to live or die,
She breath'd unknown love's constant sigh.
Touch'd with her faithfulness, and mov'd
To love where he was so belov'd,
The gen'rous Zephna turn'd his eyes
From her slight stem and with'ring dyes,

Thought only of that fresh perfume,
 Which yet surviv'd her early bloom,
 That fragrance, which 'mongst flow'rs, in sooth,
 Is *virtue, sense, and modest truth.*
 "Perish," he cried, "this vain desire,
 To have all eyes my choice admire,
 If faith, and long tried tenderness,
 My home adorn, my bosom bless,
 What needs there more? Her odours sweet,
 Still shall my partial senses greet,
 Till pleas'd and grateful, I confess,
 That love alone is happiness!"
 Thus saying, from a laurel's side,
 He waves his springing pinions wide,
 Calls on his Abra! Abra hears—
 She blushes, starts, and smiles thro' tears;
 Throbs her fond heart with sweet alarms,
 Joy paints her face, her bosom warms,
 And yields her trembling to his arms!

THE LADY'S CHOICE;

OR,

THE FEMALE CASTLE-BUILDER.

By T. B. G.

THE morn was bright, and swift the brook,
 When near the margin smooth and green,
 With joy an English maiden took
 Her solitary way unseen;
 Her face had Hope's enlivening hue,
 Life sparkled in her eyes of blue,
 While free as air,
 From every care,
 She stepp'd with lightsome mind and mien.

With youthful grace, and rosy smile,
 She trips along the velvet lawn;
 From scenes of guilt and thoughts of guile,
 Her steps, her heart, are far withdrawn,

And now awakening fancy brings
A varied scene of beauteous things ;
 As in a dream,
 Her visions seem,
All lovely as the summer dawn.

Yes, fast she steps beside the stream,
She bids her roving thoughts be free,
And soon, in many a waking dream,
Her every wish she seems to see :
A gentle youth of pleasing form,
With words the chilliest heart to warm,
 Beside her stands,
 And joining hands,
They vow eternal constancy.

And who is he, that chosen youth ?
One known from childhood's earliest morn ;
Affection, courage, wisdom, truth,
His manly heart and mind adorn.
She hears the voice's rapturous tone,
That speaks him her's, and her's alone ;
 With holy rite,
 The twain unite,
And she away his bride is borne.

Her every friend applauds the choice,
Her kindred speak his name with pride,
And pleas'd she marks with heart and voice,
How warmly his approve the bride ;
With glowing tints her fancy draws
A scene of joy, her choice the cause ;
 Her mother's kiss
 Of weeping bliss,
She feels, with many a friend beside.

A modest mansion, neat and new,
With lovely walks and views around,
Receives her and her youth so true,
The lord of all the fairy ground :
Through gardens sweet her path she measures,
Where Flora shews her fairest treasures ;
 On woods she looks,
 On murmuring brooks,
And pleasing is each sight and sound.

She decks anew her mansion neat;
 Her taste its every room displays;
 The whole is rang'd in order meet,
 And wins her husband's smile of praise:
 No idle waste, no gaudy glare,
 No mark of rude neglect, is there,
 Conceal'd is art,
 In every part,
 Yet each its sweet effect betrays.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LOVER.

FROM THE GREEK.—BY T. B. G.

"I FOUND," said Mark, "my nymph alone;
 I knelt, and pour'd an earnest prayer;
 'Condemn me not through life to groan,
 Consign me not to fell despair.'
 I sigh'd—she wept—I kiss'd her tears—
 And—bless me, how she box'd my ears!

SONNET.

By J. A. S.

TWAS • • bells that struck my list'ning ear,
 And instant days, and months, and years, were fled,
 And I became again a child. Again
 My heart beat quick with youth's fond hopes and those
 Who now, alas! in Death's dull arms repose
 In health and vigour stood before my eyes.
 Strange that such magic there should be in sound!
 But soon, too soon! the fond delusion sped.
 I look'd around, and saw the streamlet clear,
 The well-known spire, and rose embower'd cot,
 The verdant lawn, and wide luxuriant plain,
 And felt the fragrant breezes' gentle sighs,
 Nor change but in myself alone I found—
 Sad wand'rer on my own, my native spot.

LINES,

His parent hand, with ever new increase
Of happiness and virtue, has adorn'd
The vast harmonious frame.

AKENSIDE.

THERE is a sweet, spontaneous feeling steals
Into the heart's recess, when comes and kneels
The blue-ey'd child with palms and fingers prest
To lisp its evening prayers, and half undrest
Looks for the parting kiss its lip returns,
With fond "good night!" and then departs to rest:
From innocence like this, the parent learns
His duty to his heavenly Father; it soothes
The worlds disdaining into peace, improves
His actions with devotion's guardian truths,
And in his circle small, he wisely moves.
I would not miss affection's sunset scene
To mix with Bacchanals, or faithless be
To duty's interests, though the Paphian queen
Should dance in fairy attitudes around,
For Piety will smile on such as me,
Though but a traveller on terrestrial ground.

September 2d, 1820.

PRIOR.

CHARADE.

CONSIDER my first, and you'll find it combines,
With greatness of worth, an outside that shines;
To man it gives warning, instruction, and aid,
Though on it the fault and the blame are oft laid;
My second is varied to such a degree,
That white, black, or brown, good or bad it may be,
May be tall, or be short, may be weak, or be strong,
Has power to move, and mostly does wrong;
My whole has a charge he ought not to neglect,
And serves as a shield to defend and protect.

JEPHOOR.

Marriages.

John Hughes, Esq. to Margaret Elizabeth Wilkinson. William Whitaker Maitland Esq. to Ann Gott. Rev. A. A. Edge, to Joan Crawford Graham. T. Brockhurst Barclay, Esq. to Sarah Peters. Rev. Thomas Carew, B. D. to Holway Baker. George Abbey, Esq. to Mary Christiana Price. Major Chetwynd Stapylton to Margaret Hammond. Rev. S. E. Balten to Caroline Venn. The Earl of Errol to Miss Fitzclarence. Stephen Salmon, Esq. to Mary Cowcher. Robert Banner, Esq. to Elizabeth Ashberry Fuller. Edward Radford to Eliza Diana Walbanke Childers. Charles Fagg, Esq. to Miss Batten. Rev. Henry Livius to Emma Grinfield. Charles Adams, Esq. to Margaret Maclean. George Lloyd, Esq. to Marian Christiana Maclean. Mr. John Slater to Jane Falford. Mr. C. J. Bolton to Mary Ann Oldish. Mr. Charles New to Whilina Maria Devey. Mr. R. Wilson to Miss Ann Cates.

Deaths.

Mary Ann Upjohn. Eliza Taylor. James Parker, Esq. Right Hon. Archibald Colquhoun, Lord Register of Scotland. Mr. Robert Cooke. Sophia Mary Fuller. Theodore Henry Broadhead, Esq. M. P. Anne Graham. Henry Parry, Esq. Miss Powell. Major Thomas James Harrison. Mary Moody. Mary Fosbrook. Catharine Elizabeth Bradshaw. Mrs. Drax. A. H. Bradley, Esq. Edward Corbett, Esq. Eliza Rorauer. Elizabeth Bradney. Patrick De Courcy, Esq. Mr. Charles Parish. John Clarke, Esq. Mrs. M. Adam.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications of Miss A. M. Porter,—of R. B.—T. Lacy,—H.—J. S. D.—Bertrand,—Alpheus,—N.—J. S.—E. Prior.—Translation of Ode 24,—R. B. Verses to a young Lady,—Cronstadt,—Vicissitudes of Life.—Adventures of a Farthing, are received.

The beautiful Translation from Metastasio, by Celia, shall be inserted in our next. We are greatly obliged to this new Correspondent, and hope to be favored with further communications from her.

We are much pleased with "The Sharpshooter's Stratagem;" and shall be extremely happy to hear again from its author.

It is so long since we have received any thing from our admired correspondent. Genevieve, that we almost despair of having that pleasure again, but if this notice should reach her observation, we hope she will relieve us of our fears by forwarding us a packet as soon as convenient.

The lines on the New-Year are not so good as many we have seen. We are always glad, however, to hear from this author.

SUBJECT FOR THE PRIZE ESSAY.

Has History, or Biography conducted most to general Improvement?

To be delivered on or before the first of March.—The best essay will be entitled to an elegant work of the value of Two Guineas.



Angelica Kauffmann, P. A. pinx.

J. Woolrich Sculp.

Angelica Kauffmann.

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